

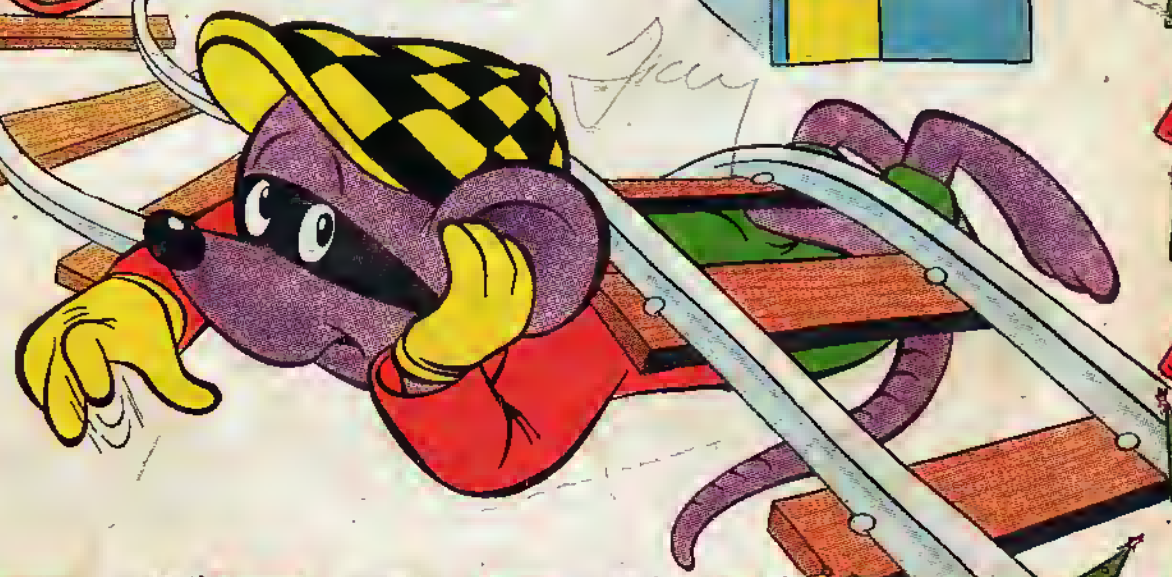
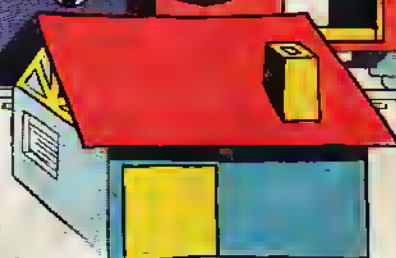
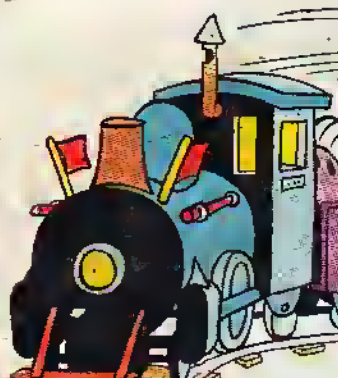
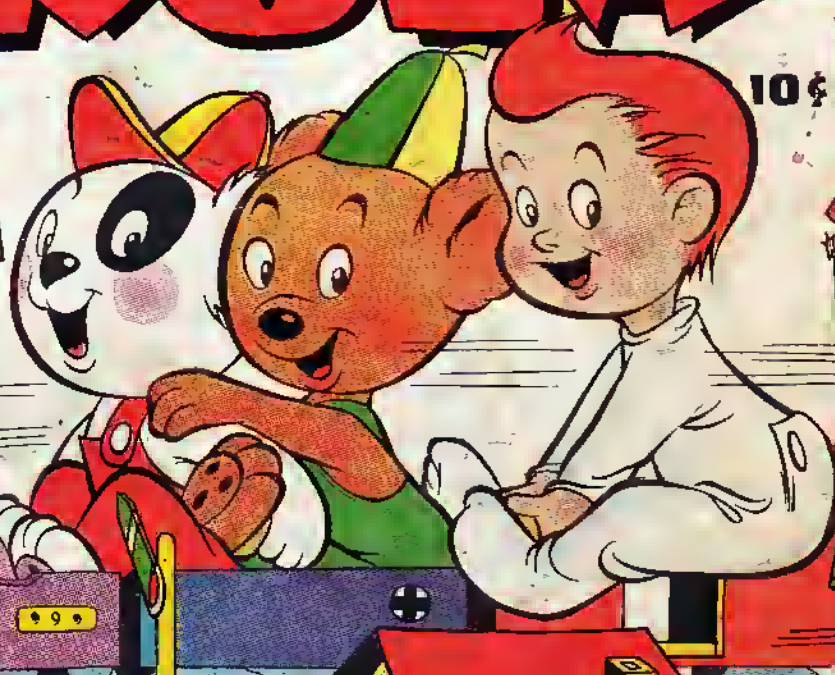


The Adventures of

KOKO and KOLA

NOV - 7 P.M.

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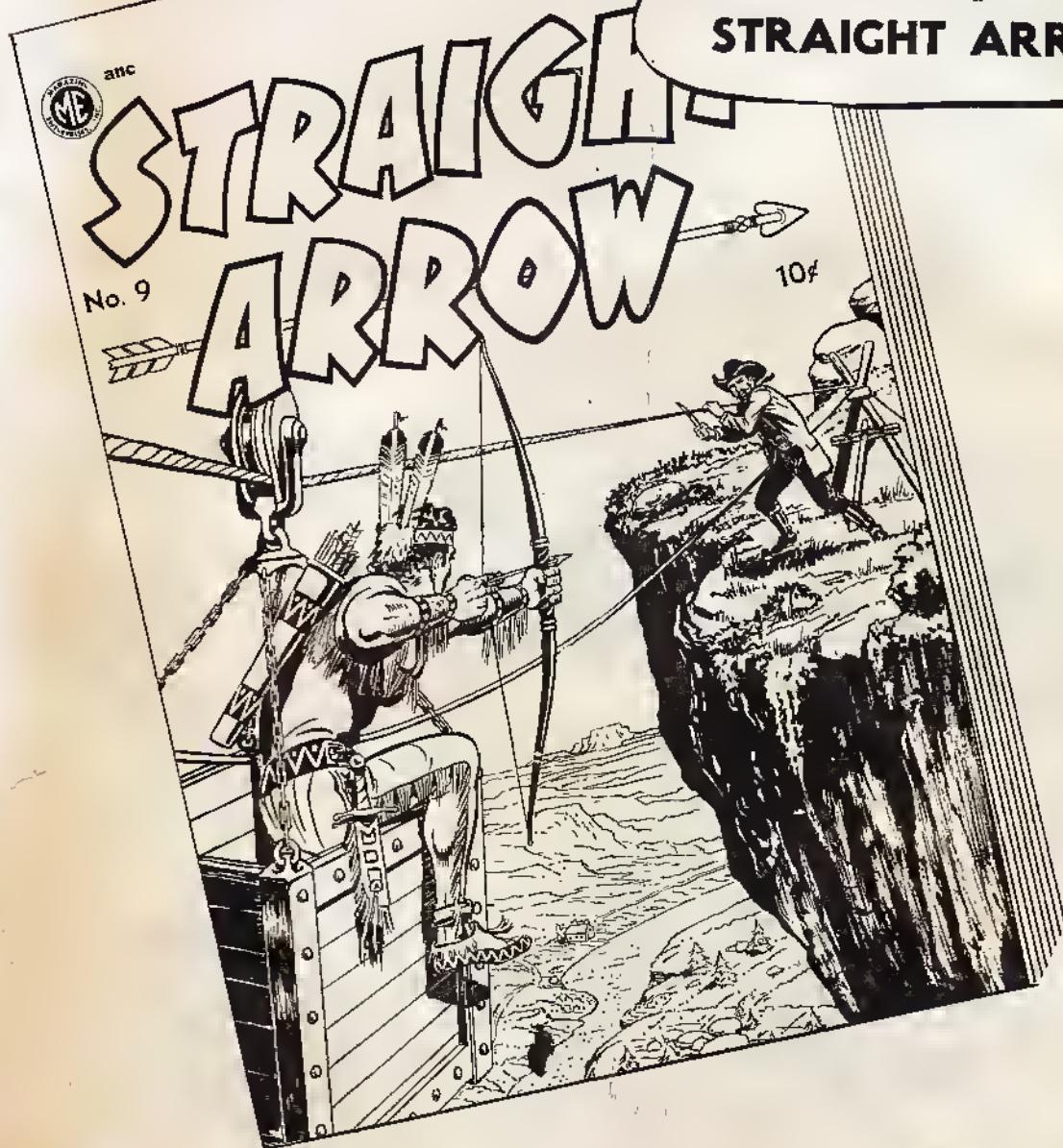


[illegible]



JOIN MY TRIBE, BOYS AND GIRLS!

You've heard me on the radio —
now follow my adventures
in the exciting comic book
that bears my name —
STRAIGHT ARROW!



At your favorite newsstand **DEC 12**

The Adventures of Koko and Kola. Christmas issue, 1950. (A-1 No. 28.) Published by Magazine Enterprises, Inc., 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Publisher, Vincent Sullivan; Editor, Raymond C. Krank. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

THE TRAIN ON THE TREE

Toot toot toot! Toot
toot toot!
Here comes the
Christmas train!
Around the bright
green tree it goes—
And starts around
again...!

"Wa ha ha! Tee hee
hee!"

Laughed the little
bears,

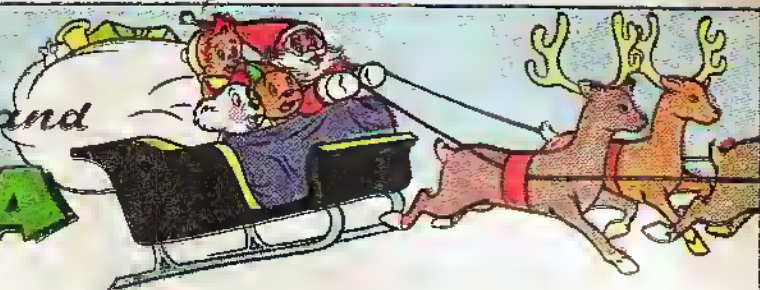
And Kola said to
Raymond

"The presents are

downstairs!"



KOKO and KOLA



IT LOOKS AS IF SANTA CLAUS WILL NOT BE ABLE TO MAKE HIS CHRISTMAS EVE DRIVE...UNTIL KOKO, KOLA AND RAYMOND RUSH UP TO SANTA CLAUS LAND AND SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE **UNGRATEFUL GREMLIN!**

IT'S THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND KOKO, KOLA AND RAYMOND ARE LISTENING TO THE RADIO WHEN...

FLASH! IT HAS JUST BEEN REPORTED FROM SANTA CLAUS LAND THAT A MASKED GREMLIN HAS STOLEN SANTA'S RED SUIT!

GOSH!



THAT MEANS SANTA WON'T BE ABLE TO GO ON HIS REGULAR CHRISTMAS EVE TRIP AND DELIVER PRESENTS!

THAT'S RIGHT, RAYMOND! AND THAT WOULD BE TERRIBLE!

WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA!

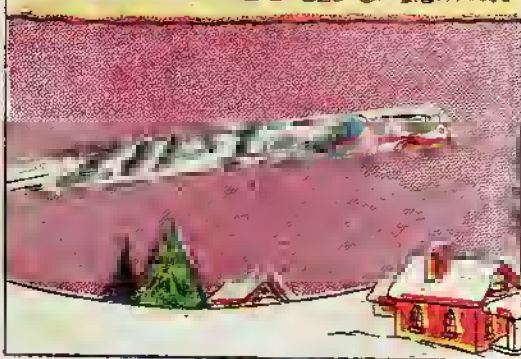


LET'S FLY TO SANTA CLAUS LAND AND FIND SANTA'S SUIT FOR HIM!

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE! HERE WE GO!



KOKO AND KOLA ARE MAGIC, AND THEY CAN FLY FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT....

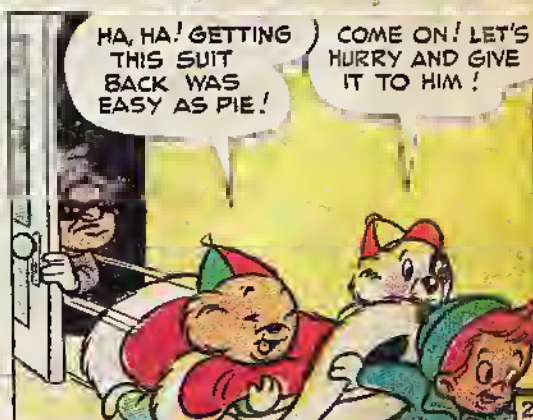
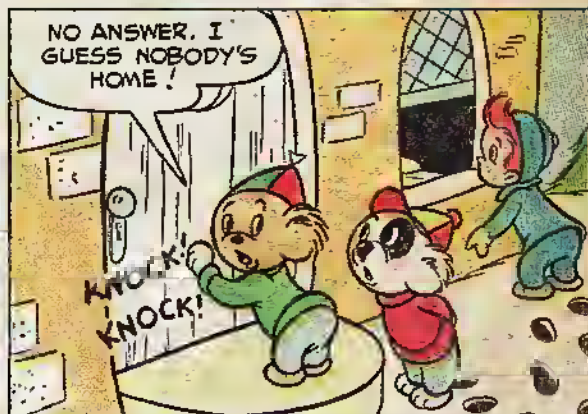


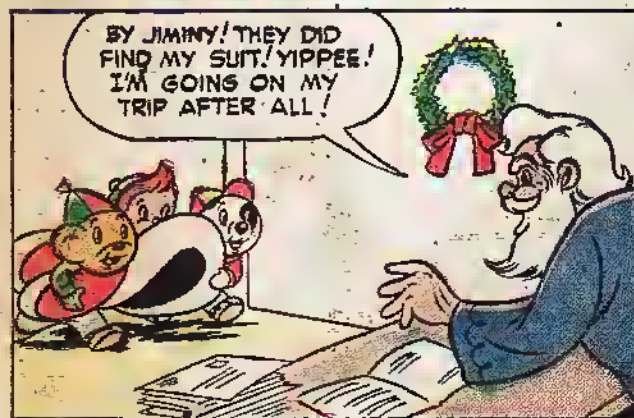
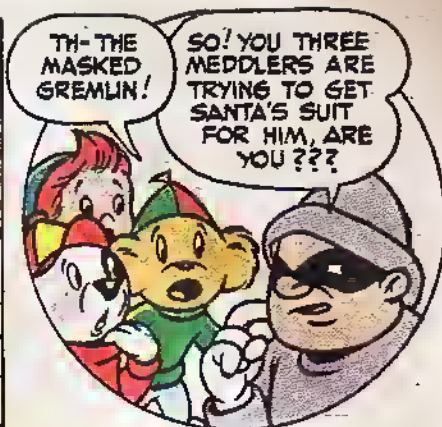
ALL OFF! WE'RE IN SANTA CLAUS LAND!

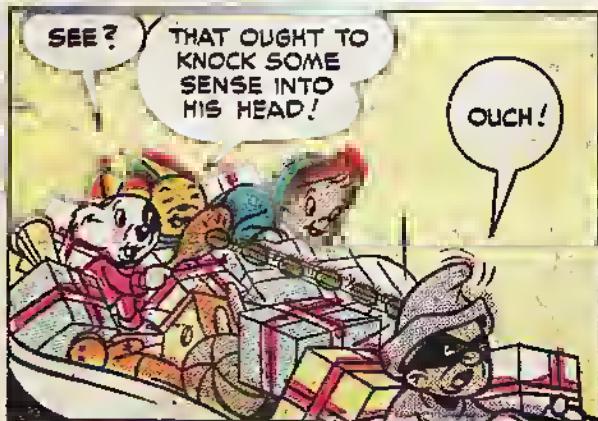
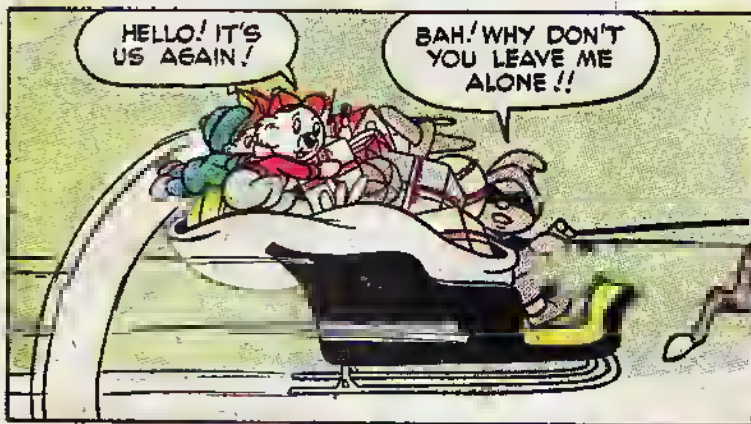
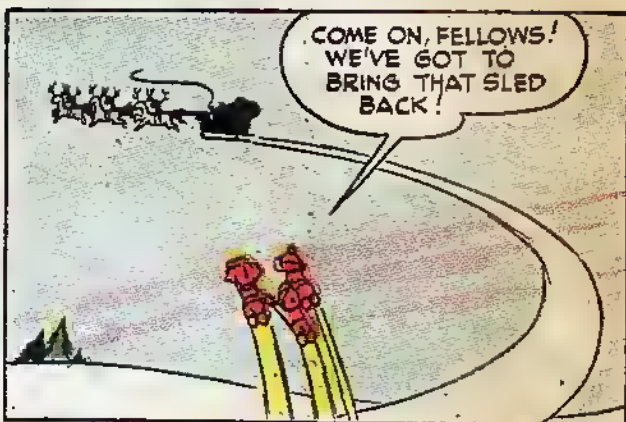
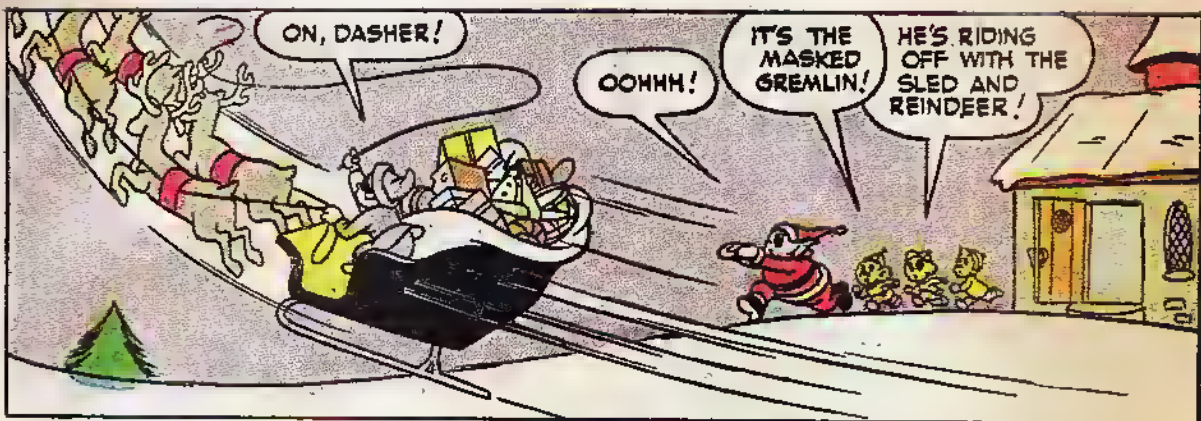
LOOK! THERE'S SANTA'S HEADQUARTERS!

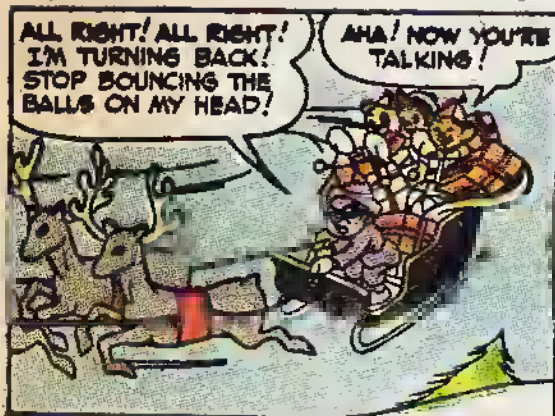
AND THERE'S HIS SLED ALL READY TO LEAVE!

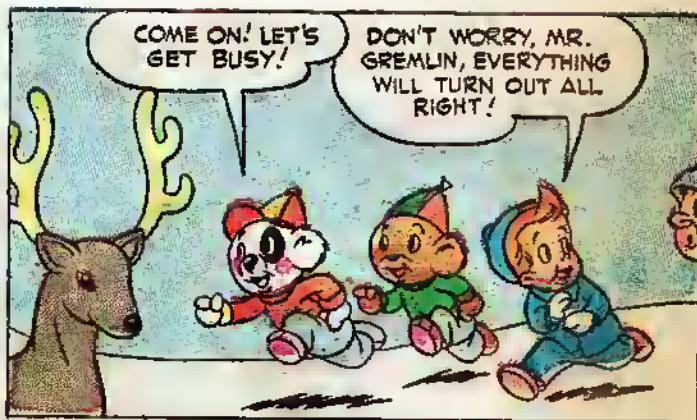






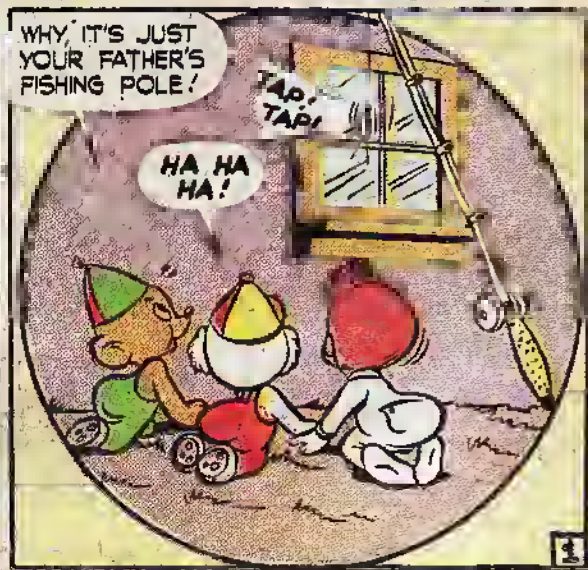


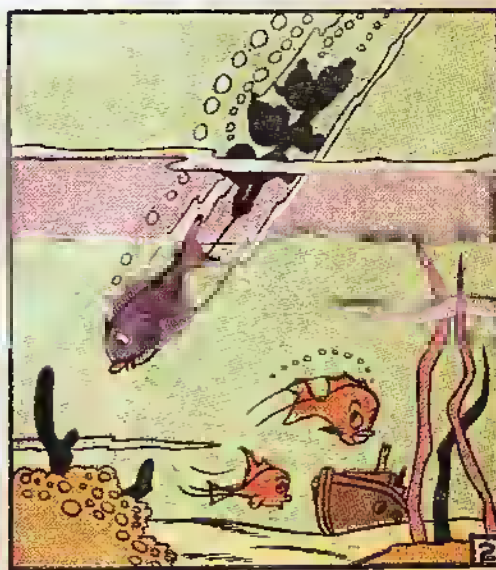
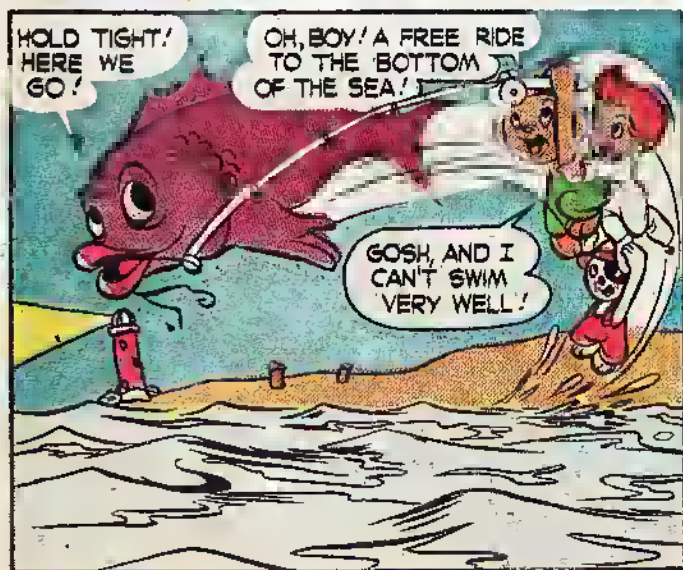
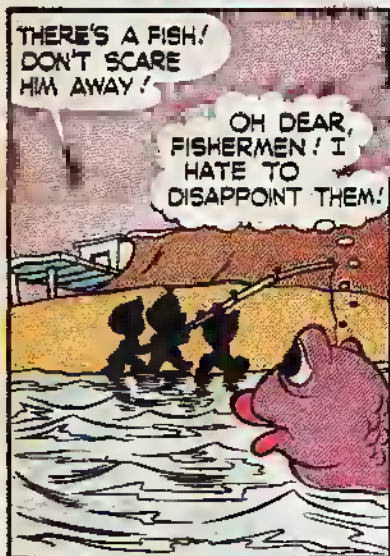
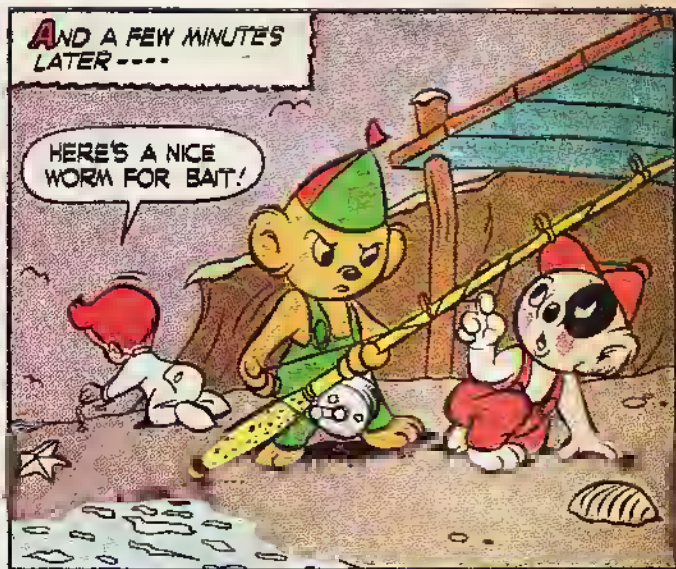


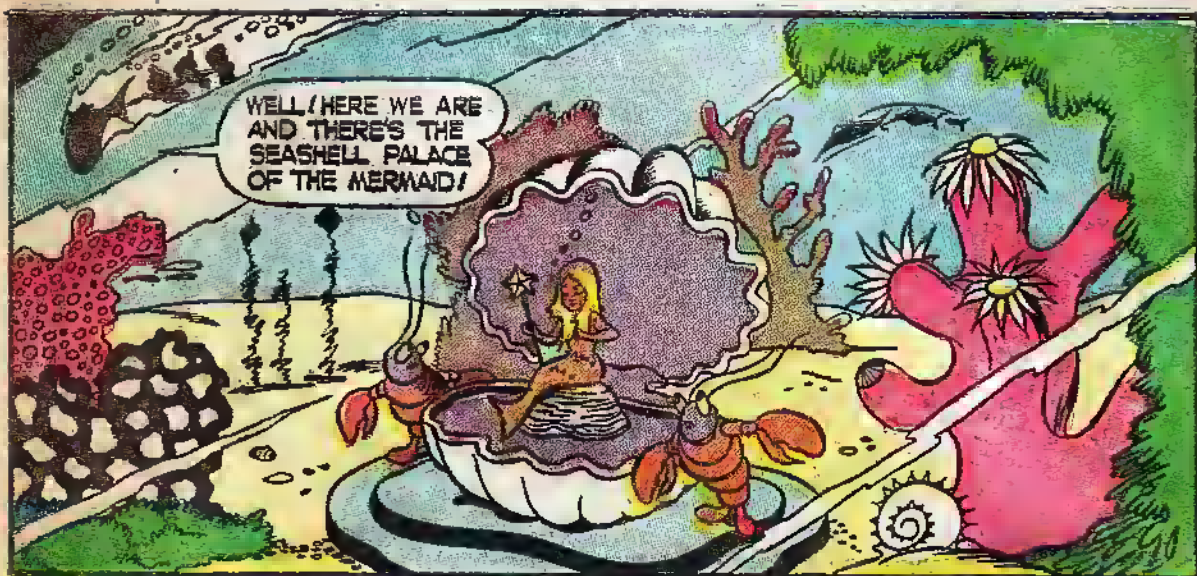


FIVE
MINUTES
LATER...

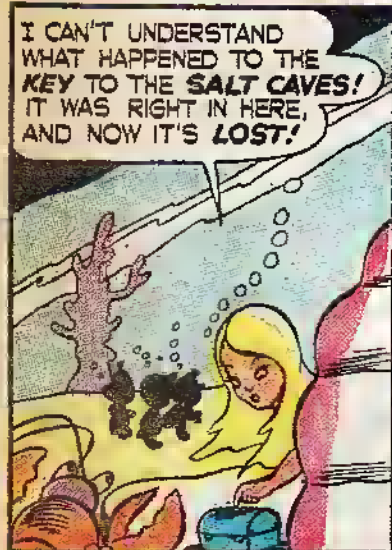




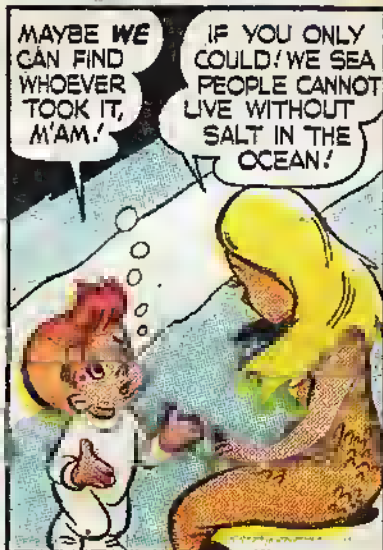




WELL! HERE WE ARE
AND THERE'S THE
SEASHELL PALACE
OF THE MERMAID!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE
KEY TO THE **SALT** CAVES!
IT WAS RIGHT IN HERE,
AND NOW IT'S **LOST**!



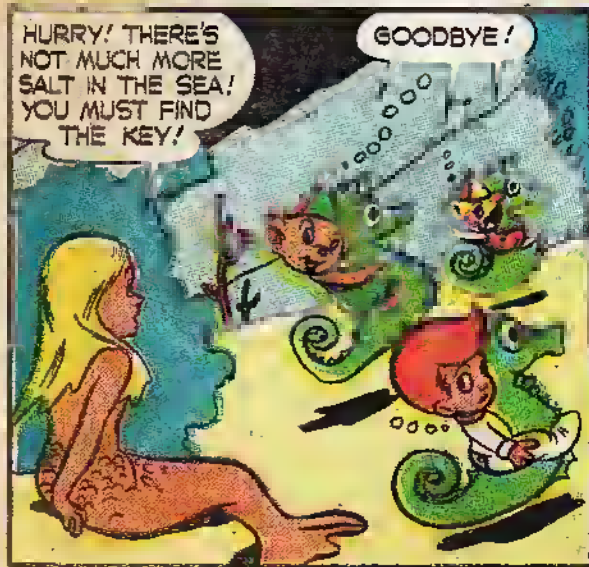
MAYBE **WE**
CAN FIND
WHOEVER
TOOK IT,
M'AM!

IF YOU ONLY
COULD! WE SEA
PEOPLE CANNOT
LIVE WITHOUT
SALT IN THE
OCEAN!



GOLLY! NOW
WE'VE **GOT**
TO FIND IT!

GUARD! GET
THREE OF OUR
FASTEST SEA
HORSES!

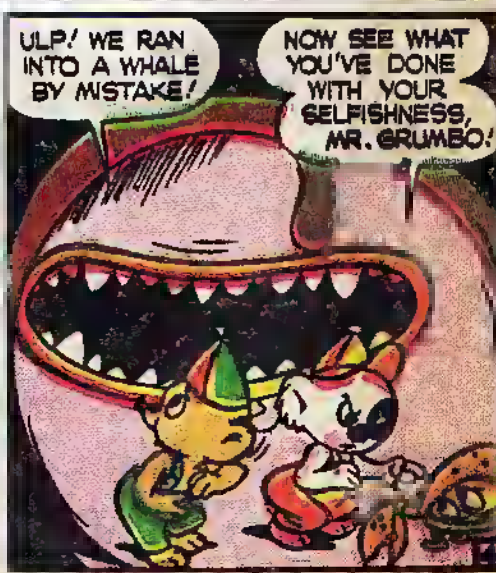
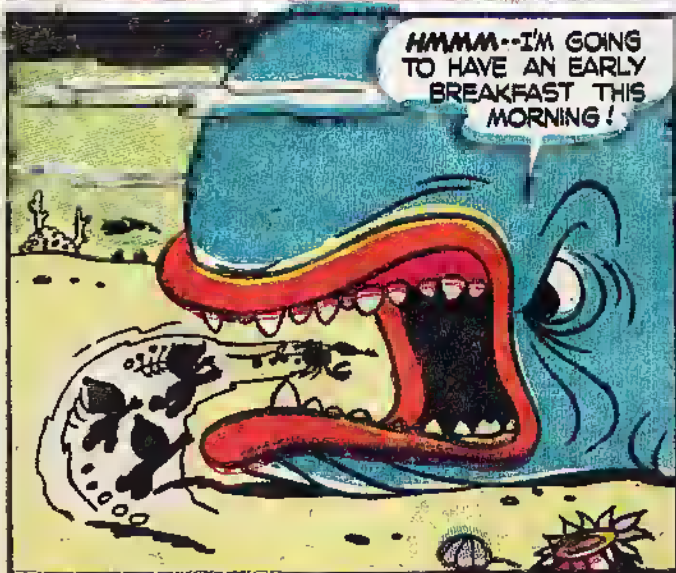
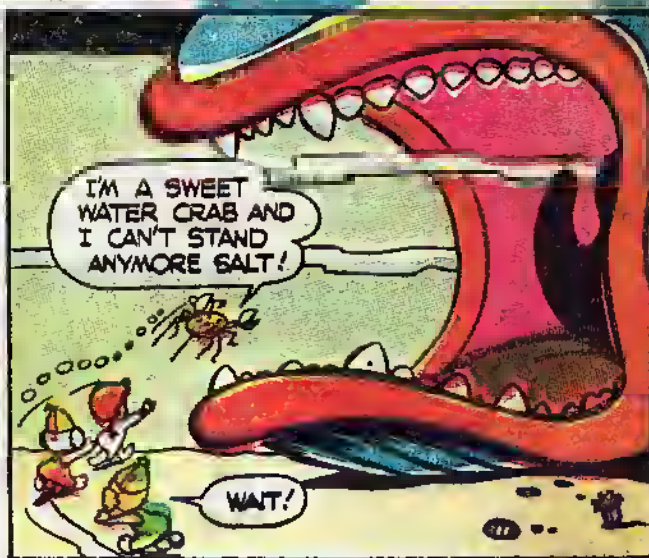
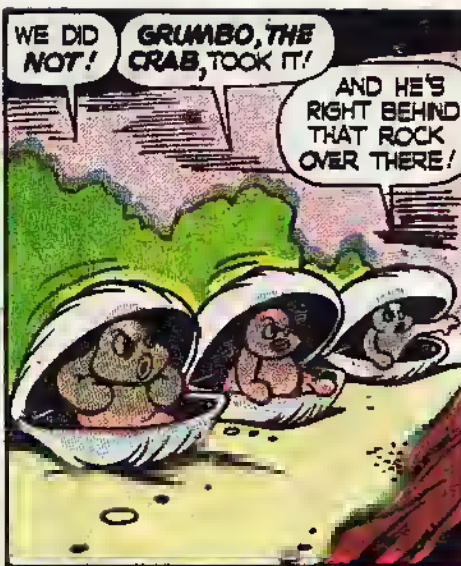


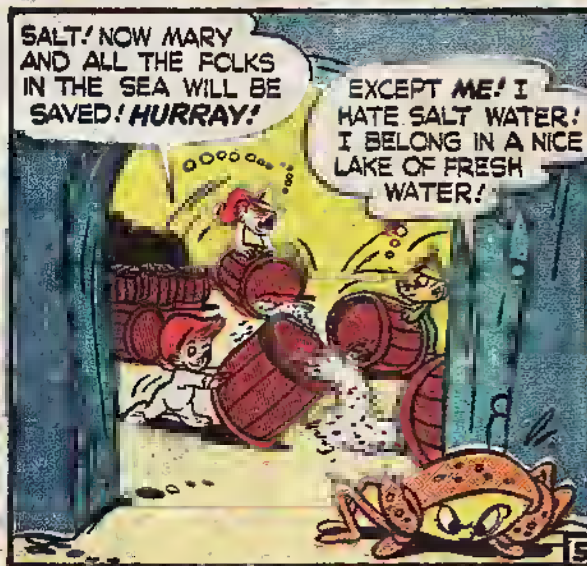
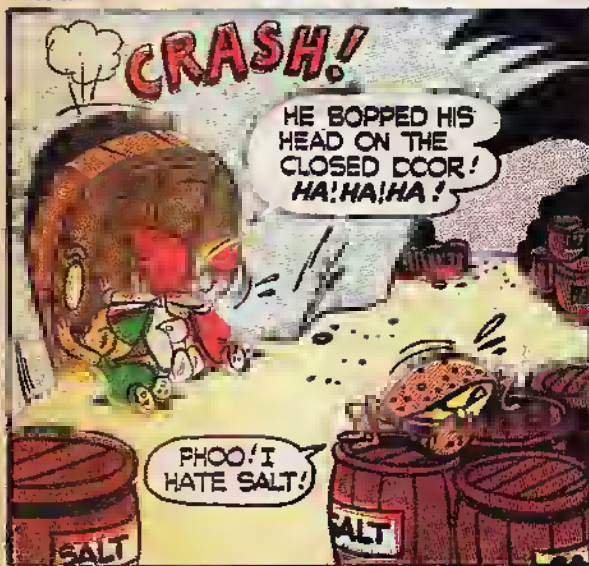
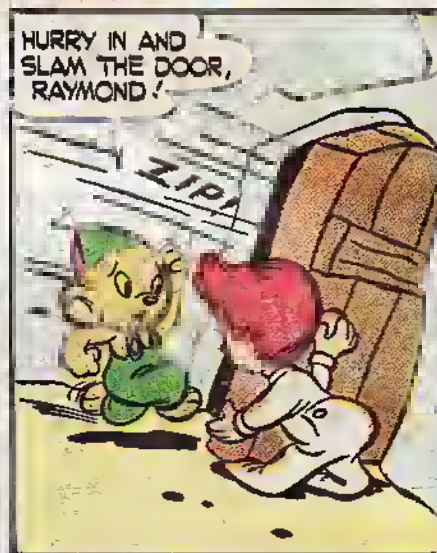
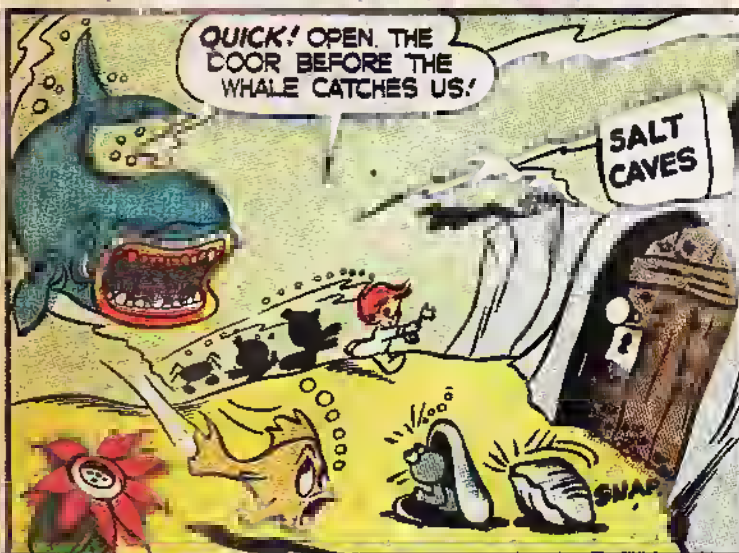
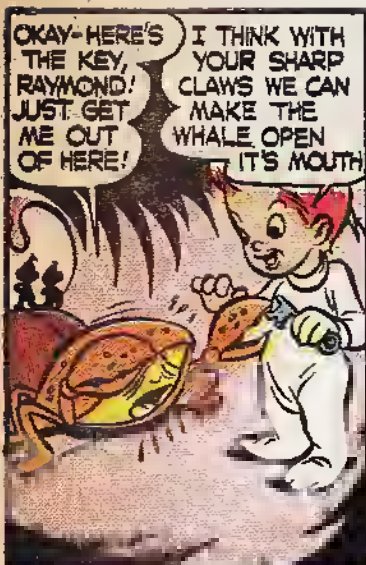
HURRY! THERE'S
NOT MUCH MORE
SALT IN THE SEA!
YOU MUST FIND
THE **KEY**!

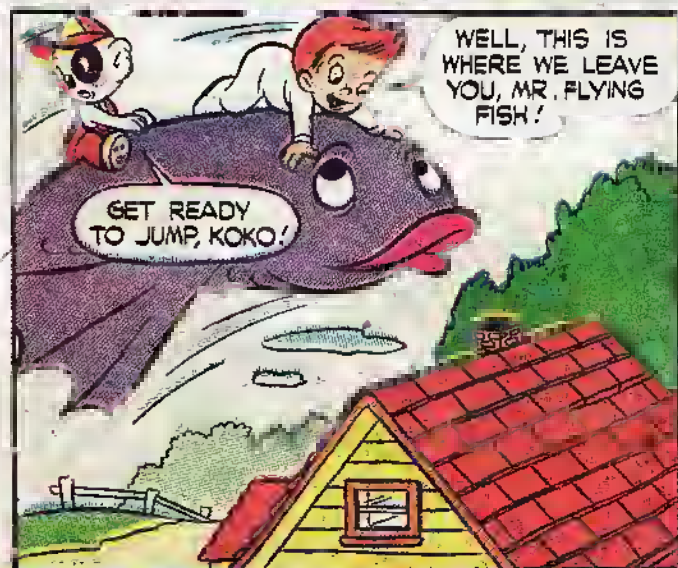
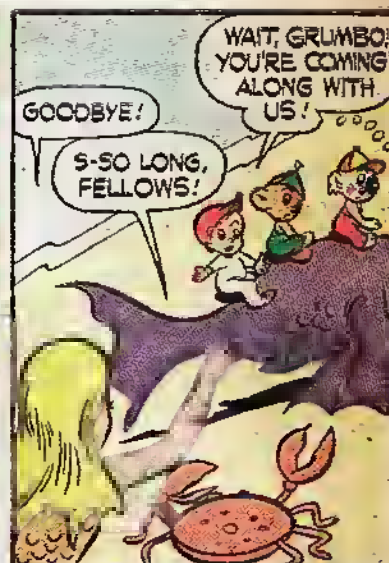
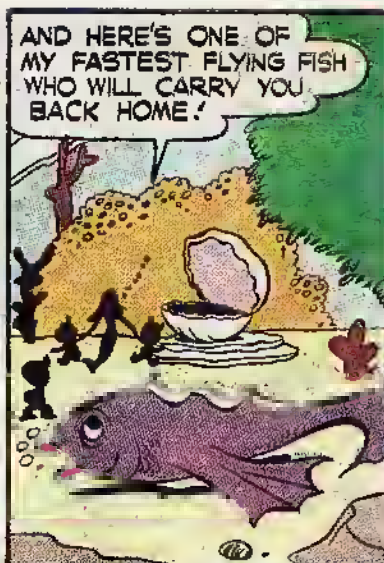
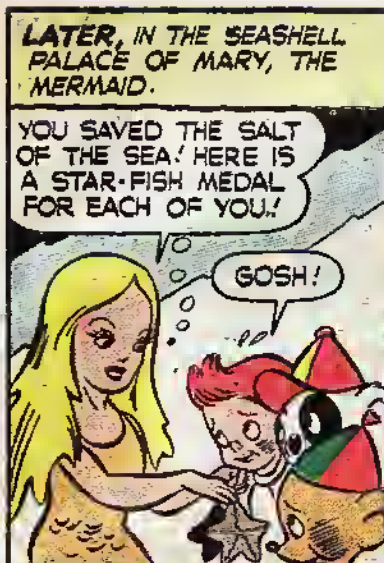
GOODBYE!



WHOA, FELLOWS, WHOA!
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHO WE ARE LOOKING
FOR. WE NEED A
CLUE!

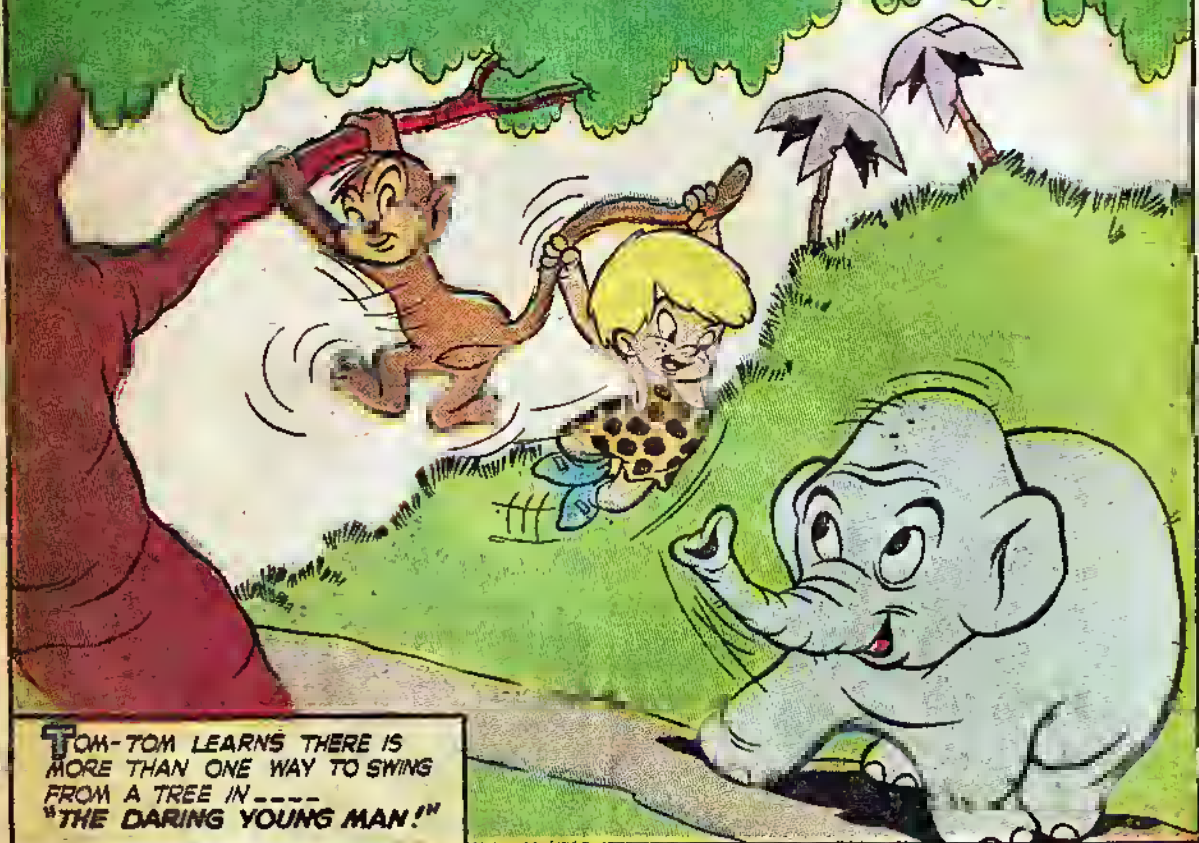






TOM-TOM

The Jungle Boy



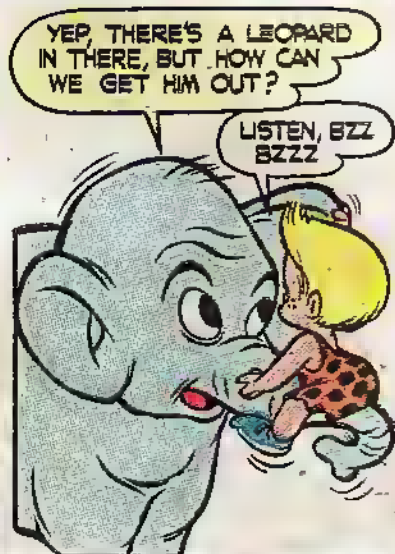
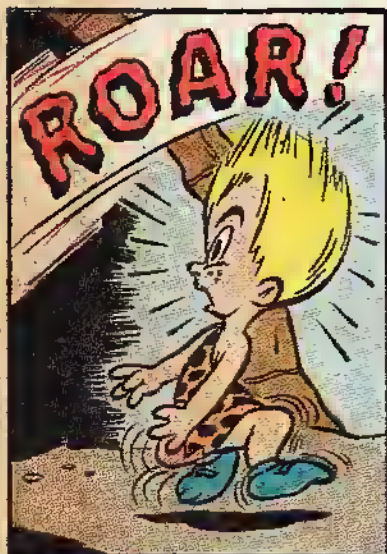
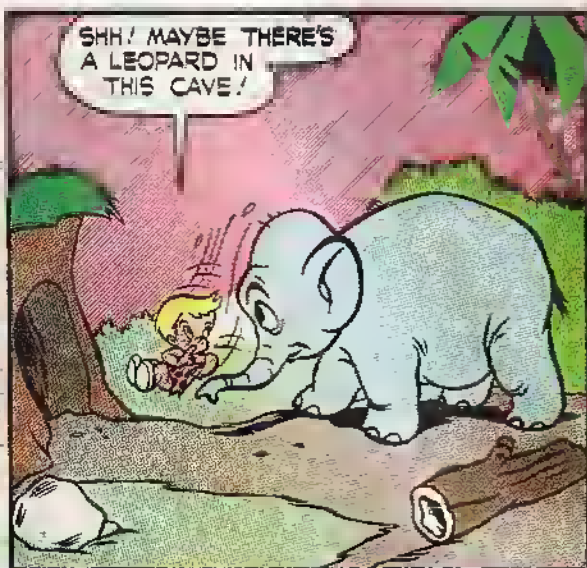
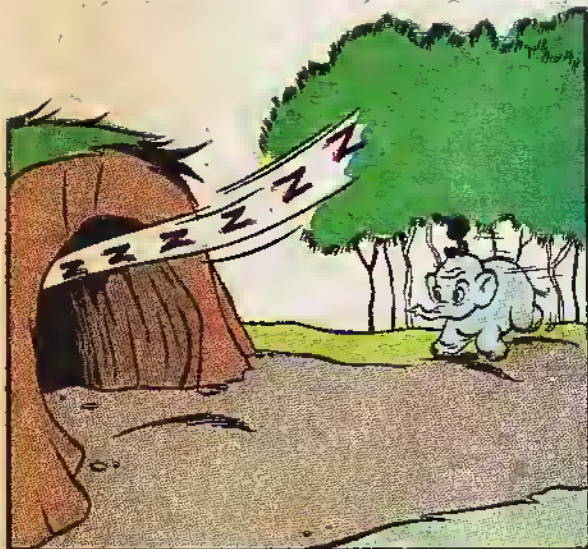
TOM-TOM LEARNS THERE IS
MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SWING
FROM A TREE IN ----
"THE DARING YOUNG MAN!"

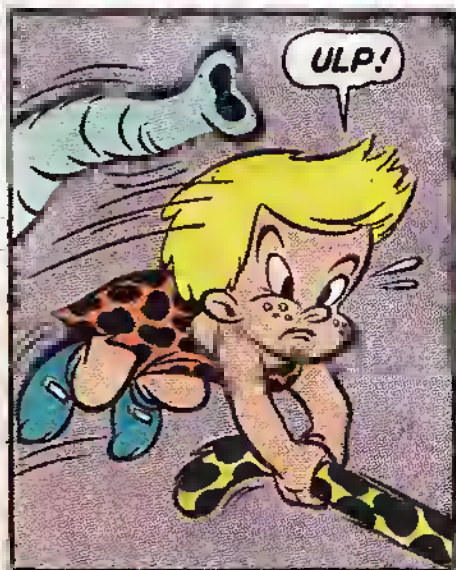
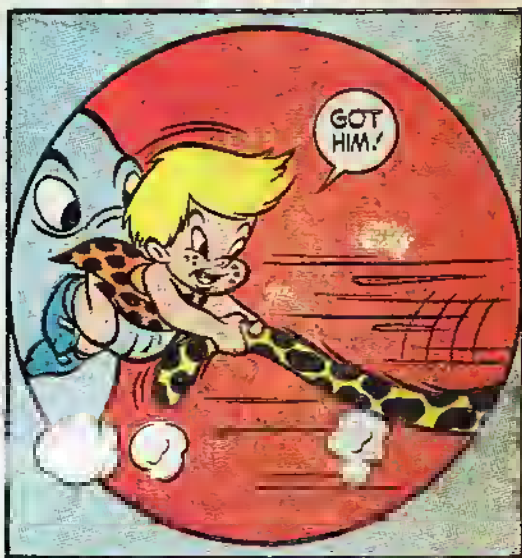
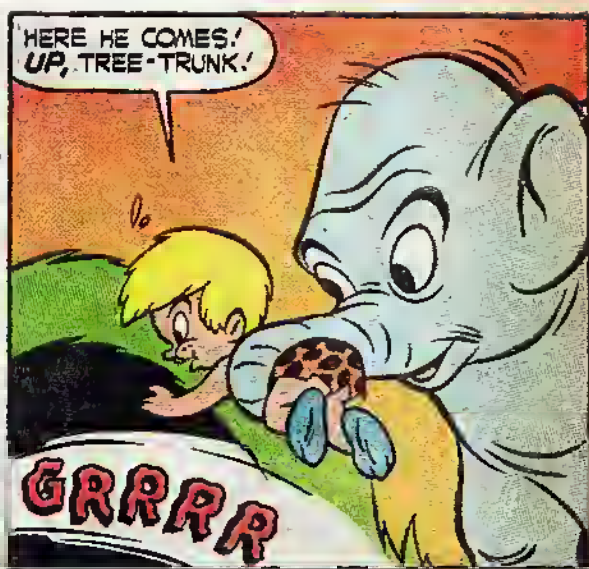
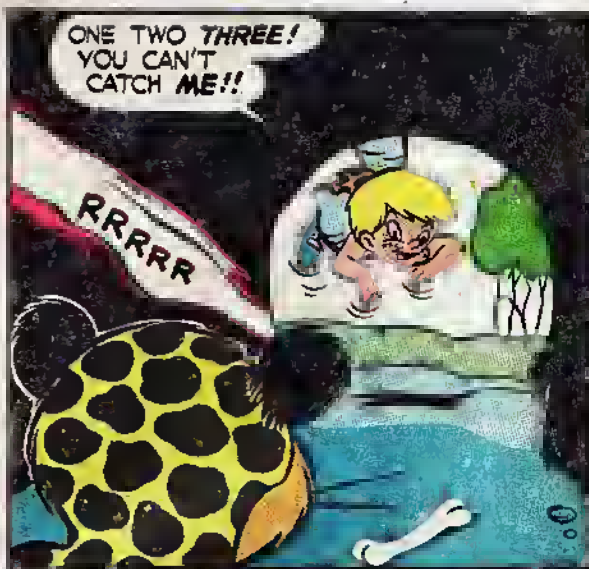
COME ON AND PLAY UP
IN THE TREES WITH
US, TOM-TOM!

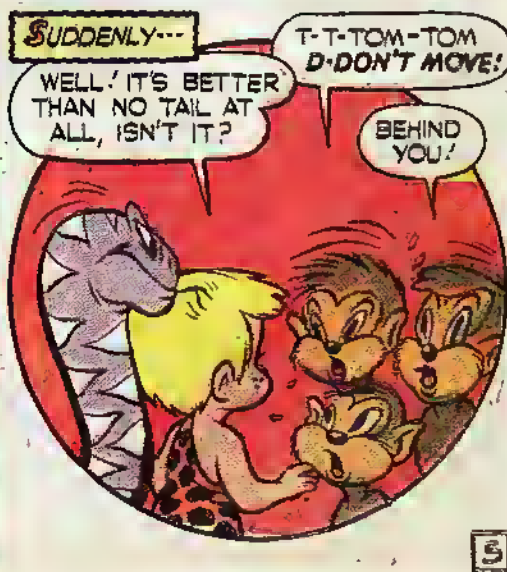
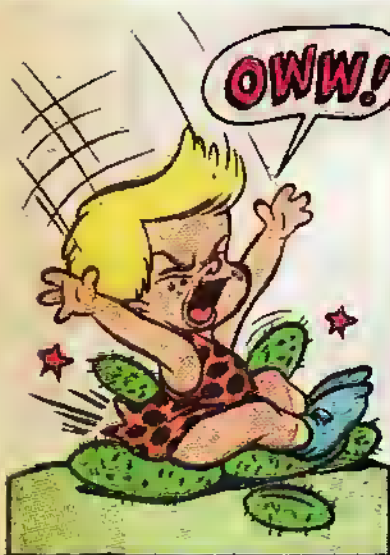
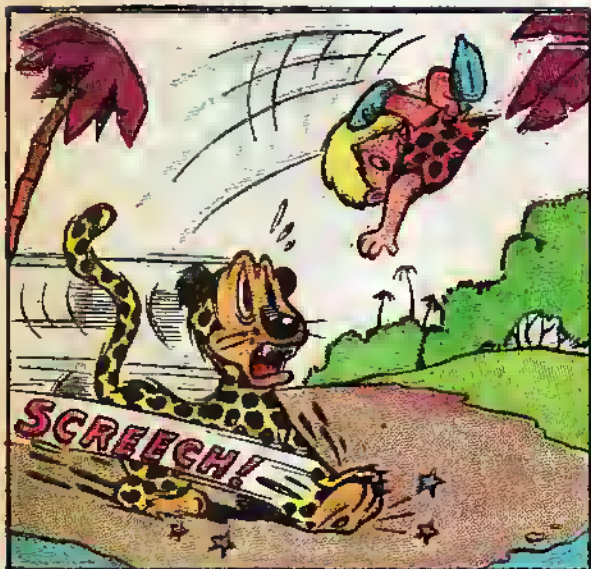
SURE!
COME ON!

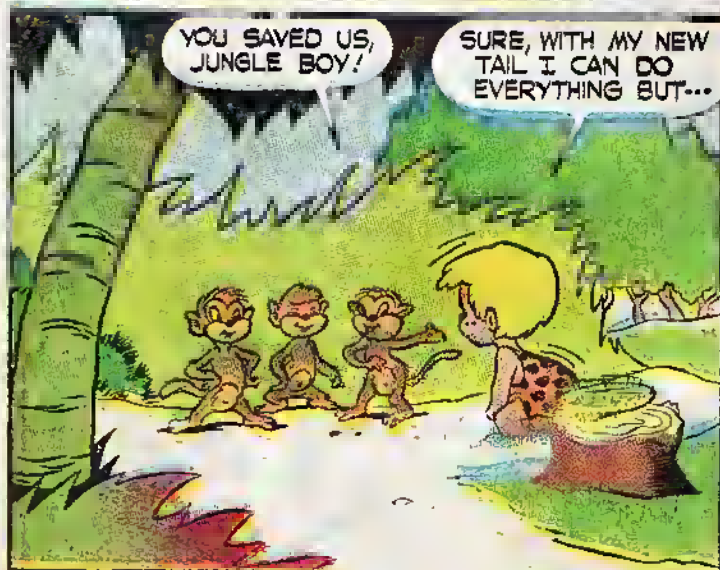
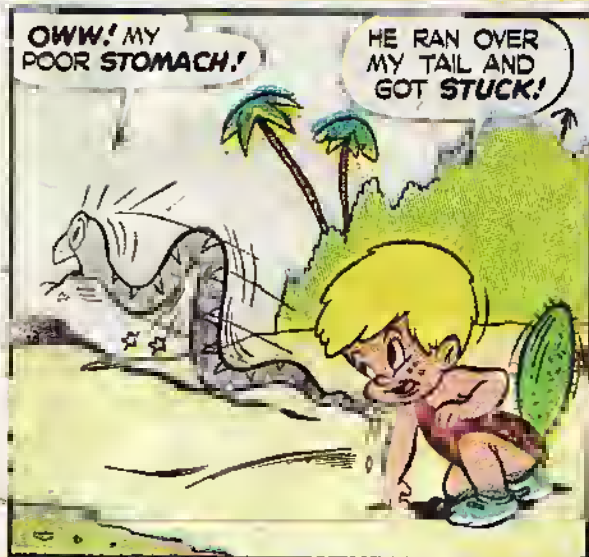
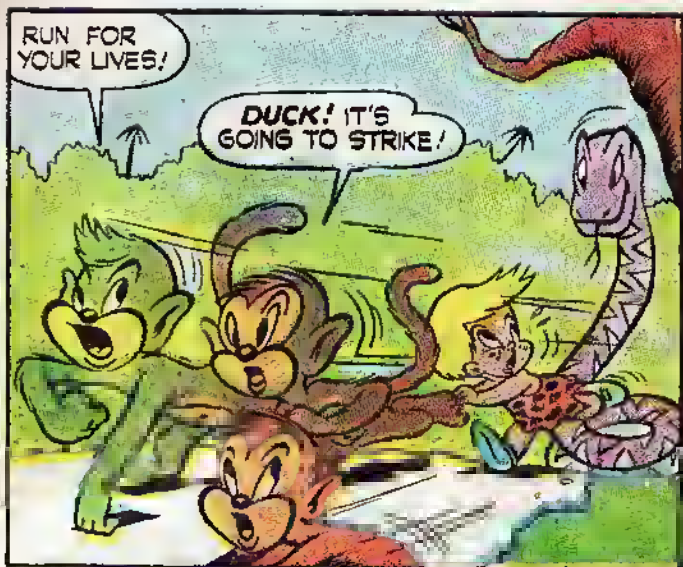
LET'S SWING ALL THE
WAY DOWN TO THE
CRYSTAL POOL!















CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS



KOKO, the little bear, jumped right off his place on the front of Raymond's magic high chair. "Kola!" he shouted, "Kola, do you know what day this is?"


Over the back of the chair peeped Kola. He was the little bear on the back of the magic chair. "What are you making all the fuss about, Koko?" he asked.




"All day long, we're pasted flat on this chair," said Koko. "But it's dark now and it's time for us to get off the chair and play. Besides, this is a very special night. It's the night before Christmas. Santa Claus is going to come down the chimney tonight to bring presents for all of us."

"Wheee!" cried Kola as he jumped to the floor. "For me too? Let's wake up Raymond and tell him all about it!"

Koko and Kola tip-toed quietly out of the kitchen. Softly, they walked into Raymond's bedroom. But once there, they stopped and looked at the bed in surprise. Raymond was sleeping in the bed all right, just as usual. At the foot of the bed, though, was something funny. One lone stocking was hanging there.



"What do you think it means?" asked Koko. "Just one stocking hanging there all by itself. Where's the other one? You'd think that Raymond was a mermaid who needed just one stocking instead of a boy who needs two."



"What do you think he did with the other stocking?" whispered Kola. "Or what do you think he does with his other leg when he wears this one stocking?"



"So much noise," said Raymond sitting up in bed and rubbing his eyes sleepily.

"Why we aren't making any noise at all. We're just whispering about this one stocking hanging there at the foot of your





bed," said Koko.

"It's the first time the foot of a *bed* ever had a stocking," giggled Kola.

"You two bears, you just don't know anything. This is Christmas Eve. Boys and girls everywhere hang their stocking up tonight. Then when Santa Claus comes down the chimney, he fills the stocking full of toys and candy."

Koko and Kola jumped with joy. "Boy! Oh boy! What fun we're going to have! Candy, cake, toys, everything!"

"Yes, you'll have everything," said Raymond, "if you'll only hurry and hang your stockings up."

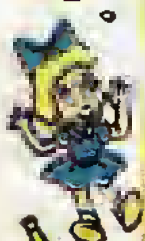
"How can we?" sighed the two little bears. "We haven't any stockings at all. We don't wear them."

"Then we'll just have to find a pair and you can each use one," said Raymond. But he explained that the stockings they were going to hang up must look like their own and must, therefore, be their size. It was going to be a big job. They had to find a pair of stockings to fit them. And they had to find them in a hurry because Santa Claus was just about due.

"Let's try these," said Koko, pulling a pair of socks from the drawer of a cabinet. "Maybe they'll fit."

Just looking at them though, you could see that the socks were much too big. They came way above Koko's and Kola's heads. When they tried the socks on, poor Koko and Kola couldn't see a thing. The socks covered their faces completely. They couldn't even see where they were going and they kept bumping into each other and into Raymond while he laughed and laughed.

"Ho ho!" Raymond laughed, holding his sides to keep them from bursting. "You're lost in my father's socks! Why, I



en see you. But I must help you out of them because Claus will be here soon and you can't use those socks—they're far too big. They're not your size at all."

"Let's go down to the laundry," suggested Kola as he climbed out of the sock. "There should be lots of stockings down there. Maybe we can find one to fit us."

They slid down all the bannisters of the house. Down, down, they went until they came to the very bottom floor, the basement.

"This must be it," said Kola. "We can't possibly go down any further. Let's rummage around the basement to see if we can find the laundry."

It was very dark. Koko, Kola and Raymond were having a great deal of difficulty finding the laundry room.

"Maybe they keep the laundry in here," said Raymond as he opened a little door and looked inside. He couldn't see anything, so he stuck his head in farther and farther until he fell right inside. "Koko! Kola!" he called. "Come and save me! I fell inside the little door!"

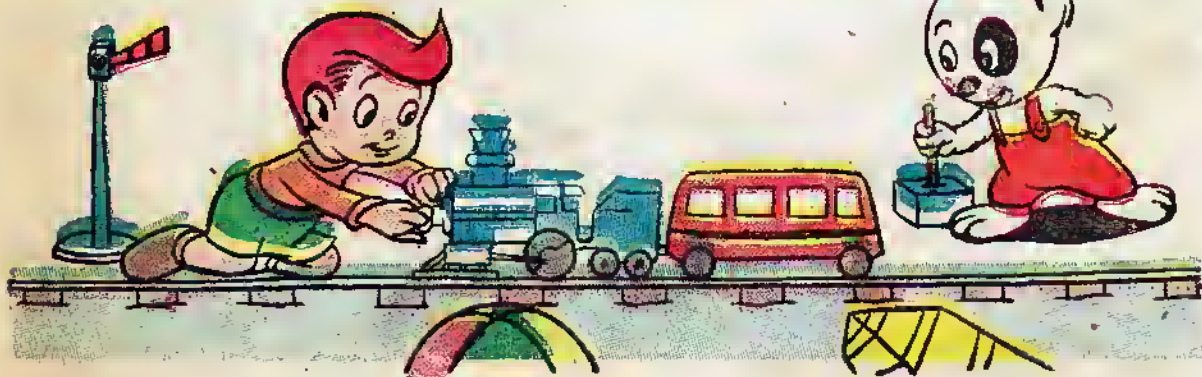
It was lucky for him that Koko and Kola heard his voice and came running back to open the door. But they hardly recognized the boy that came out. He was black from head to toe, pajamas and all. This time it was Koko and Kola's turn to laugh at Raymond, for he had fallen inside the old furnace and was full of black soot.

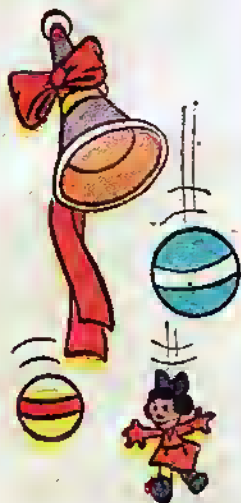
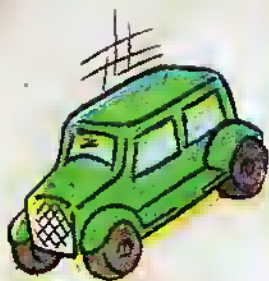
"All right, you can laugh at me," said Raymond. "But you aren't finding any stockings for yourselves and you'll never get a present from Santa Claus."

"How about this nice big coal pail?" asked Kola. "Let's carry it upstairs and set it besides our high-chair. Then Santa can fill it full of presents for us."

"Oh no he won't," said Raymond. "Santa won't put your presents in that. You'll just have to find stockings your size, if you want presents from Santa tonight."

At last, way in the corner of the basement, they found the





laundry. And they started rummaging through all the clothes piled there looking for a pair of stockings, one for Koko and one for Kola. They couldn't be too big and they couldn't be too small. The stockings had to be just the right size, or Santa would know. They pushed aside some small overalls, they pushed aside some big shirts. They tangled with a lot of aprons, but still they didn't find any stockings that were just the right size for Koko and Kola.

"Look what I found!" shouted Raymond suddenly. "Just look at this!" And he held up a pair of tiny socks. "They belong to my baby sister! See if they fit you, Kola."

Kola stuck his hand in the sock. "Why, this wouldn't fit my foot," he said. "It's so little, it's just like a mitten on my hand. Your baby sister must have very little feet."

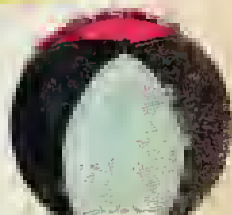
"I think we'll have to give up," said Koko, sticking his head out from a pile of clothes. "We can't find any stockings here that would fit us. And we'll miss Santa Claus if we don't hurry back."

"Let's go back upstairs and stand behind the door and watch Santa fill my stocking. Then I'll share my toys with you," said Raymond, "because you won't have any."

They were all so excited that they jumped up the stairs two at a time. But when they got to the bedroom what do you think? There at the foot of the bed was Raymond's lonesome little stocking all filled with toys and candy. Raymond turned around to invite Koko and Kola to come and help him empty the stocking, but Koko and Kola weren't there. Through the door, Raymond could see them standing in front of their high chair. And there on the tray of the chair were heaps and heaps of toys and candy for Koko and Kola!

You see, Santa Claus doesn't really care if you haven't any stocking to hang up. And it really doesn't matter if the stocking you hang doesn't fit you. If you were good all the year through, Santa will leave your toys for you, anyplace at all where you can see them.

The End



KOKO and KOLA



KOKO AND KOLA ROLL A GIANT SNOWBALL AND FIND THAT THERE IS MUCH MORE INSIDE THAN JUST PLAIN SNOW!

GOSH, KOKO, RAYMOND'S MOTHER AND FATHER MUST'VE FORGOTTEN TO LOCK THE FRONT DOOR!

BRRR-R! I'M FROZEN!

C'MON! WE'LL TRY TO CLOSE IT!





THE DOOR WON'T CLOSE! WE'LL HAVE TO GET RAYMOND TO HELP US!



PSTT, RAYMOND! COME HELP US CLOSE THE FRONT DOOR, PLEASE!

GEE! NO WONDER I FELT SO COLD!



LOOK AT THE SNOW ON THE CARPET! WE COULD SLEIGH-RIDE RIGHT HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM!



HEY, FELLOWS! THERE'S A NICE SNOWBALL FOR US TO PLAY WITH!



WHEE! LET'S ROLL IT OUTSIDE UNTIL IT GETS REAL BIG!



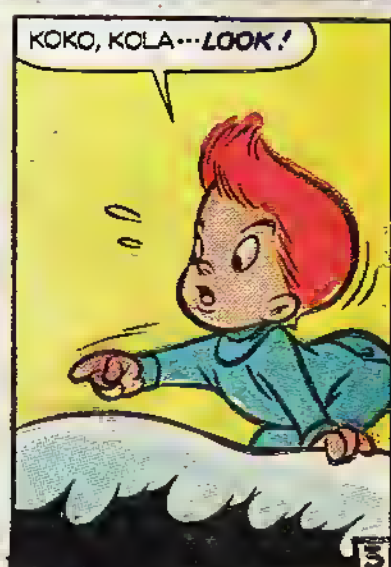
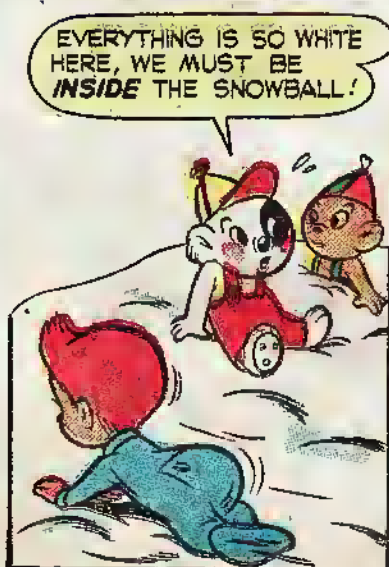
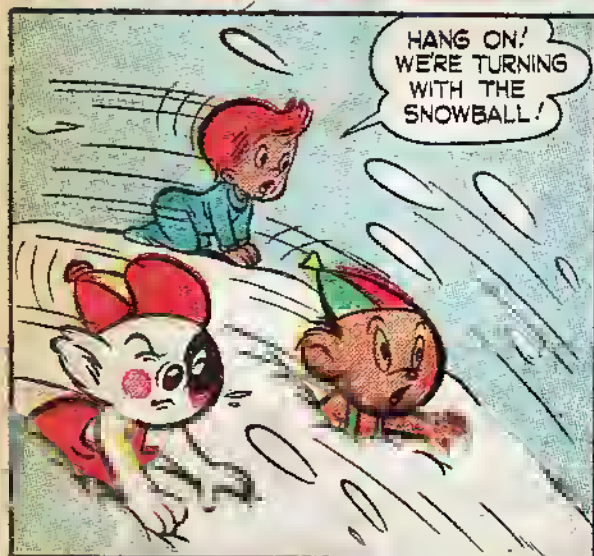
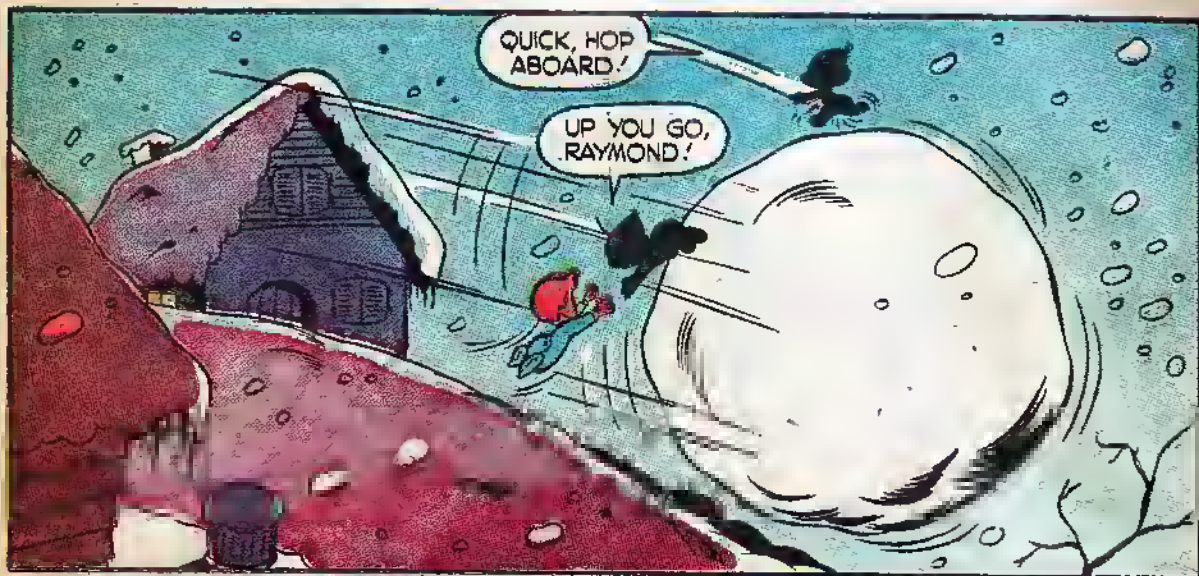
PUSH! ONE...

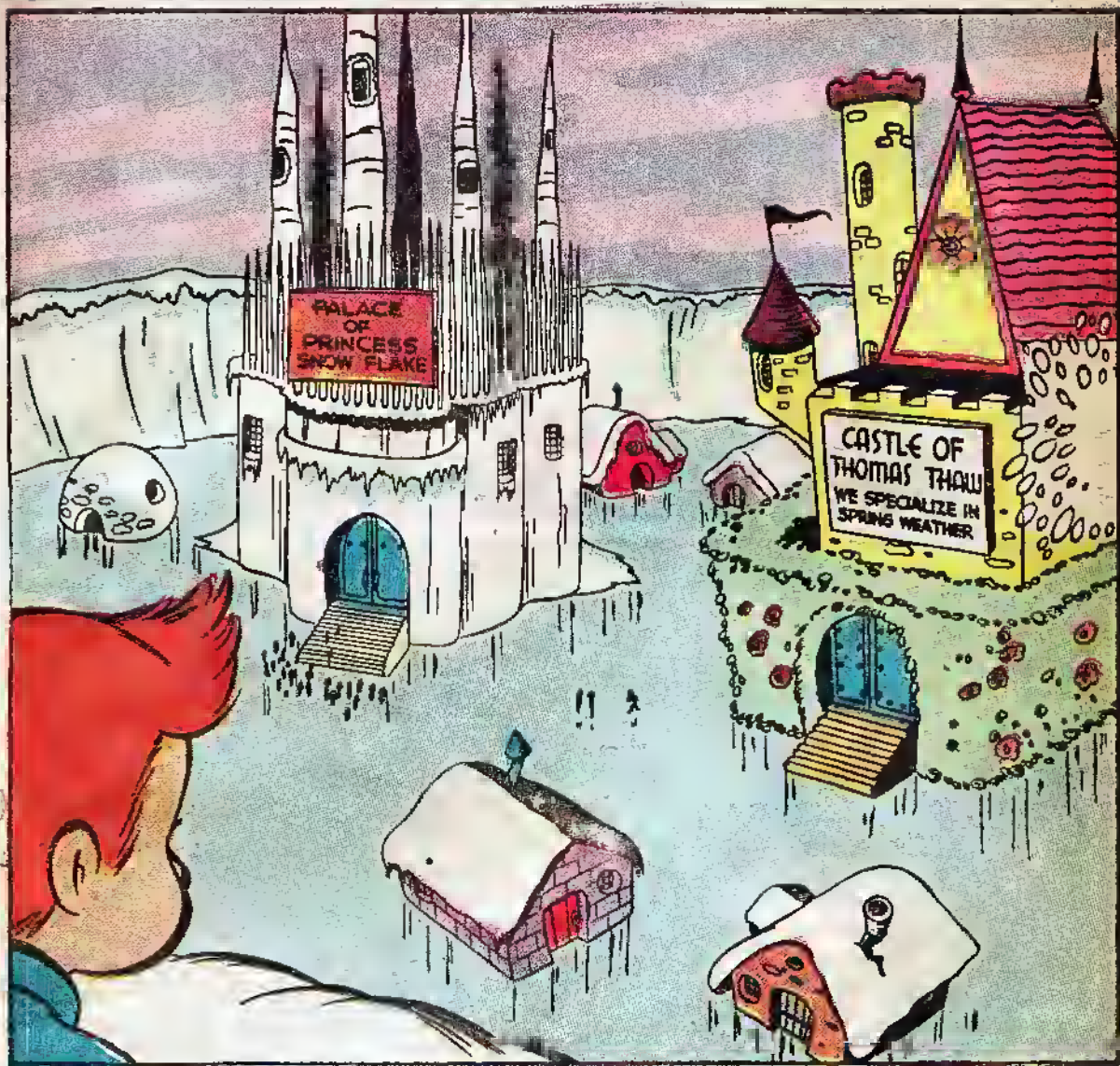
TWO...

THREE!



LOOK! THE SNOWBALL IS ROLLING AWAY!





THERE'S A WHOLE CITY INSIDE OF OUR SNOWBALL!



GOSH! EVERYBODY SEEMS TO BE CRYING HERE!

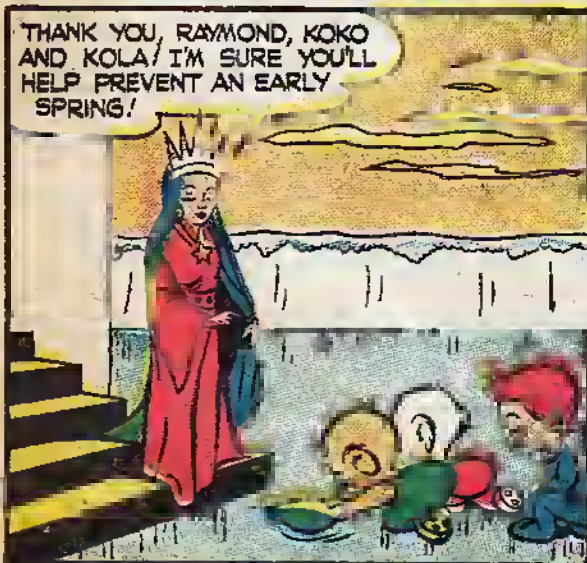
WE'LL ASK SOMEBODY WHAT IS WRONG!

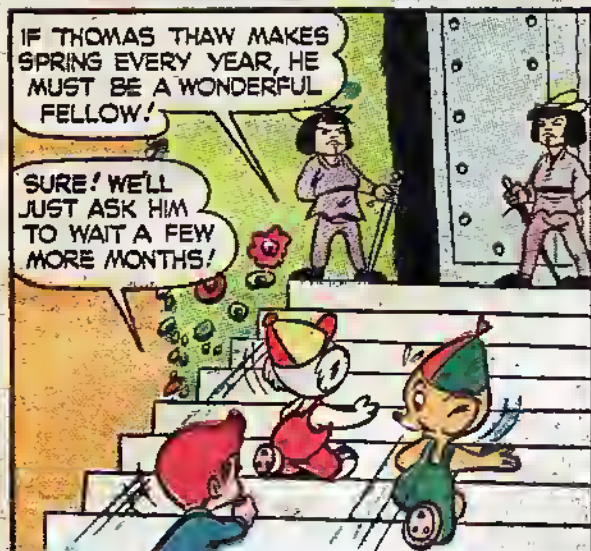
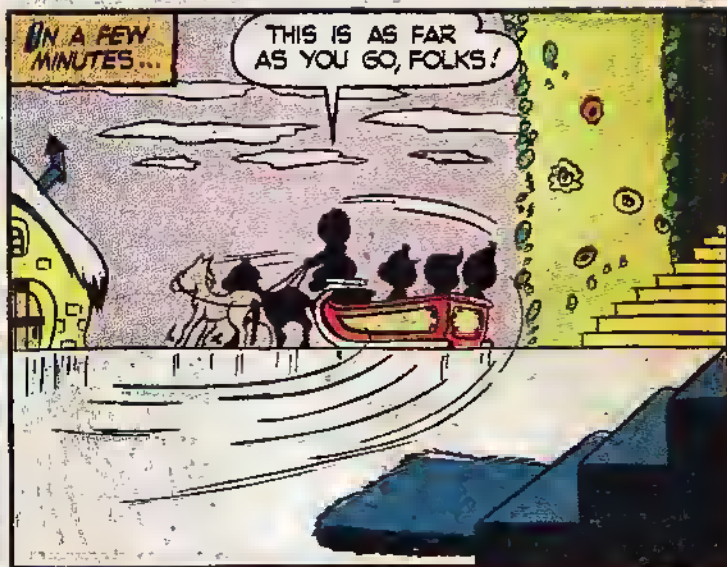


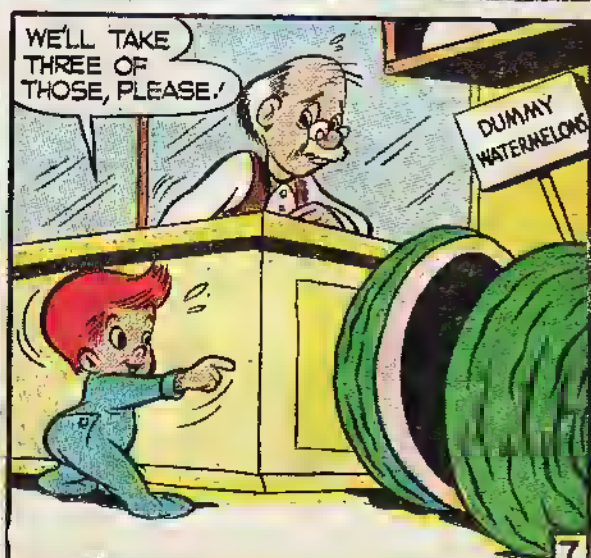
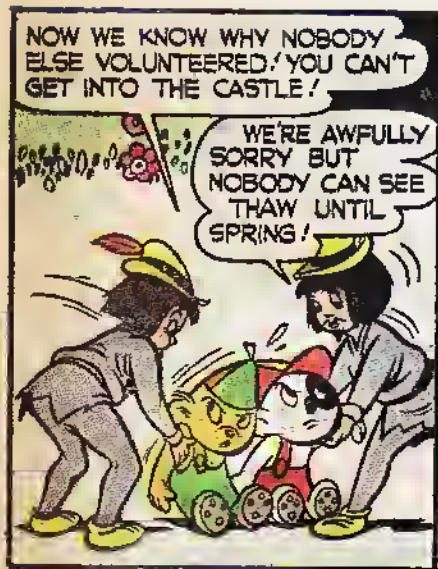
WHY ARE YOU CRYING, MISTER?

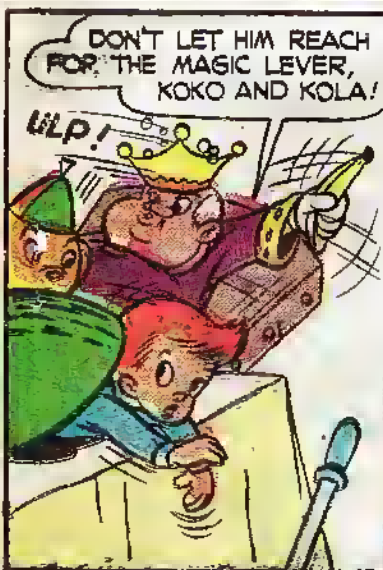
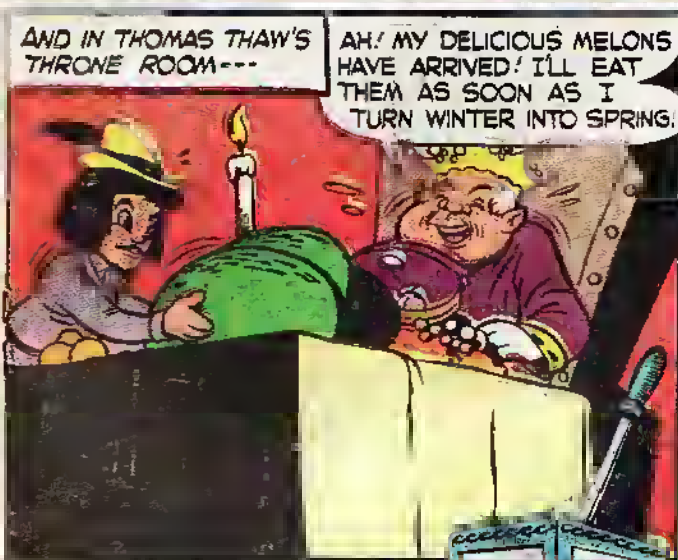
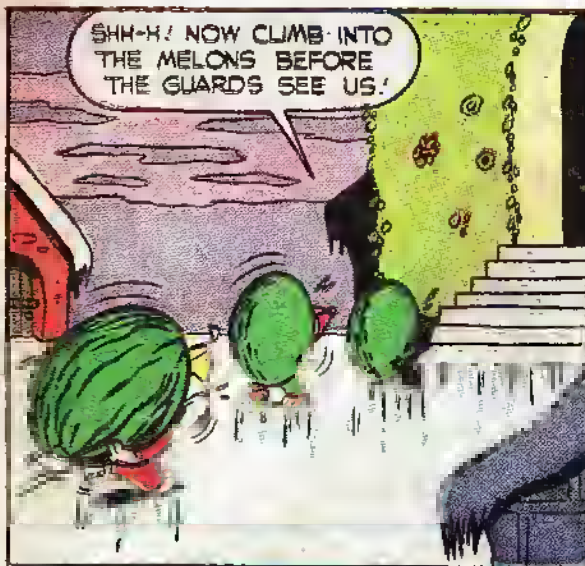
S-SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! THE PRINCESS IS COMING OUT ON THE BALCONY IN A SECOND. THEN YOU'LL ALL OUT SOB! SOB!

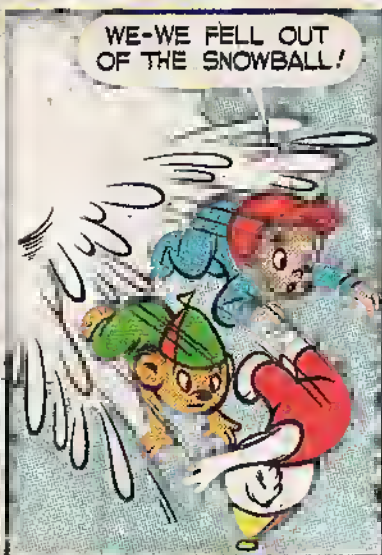
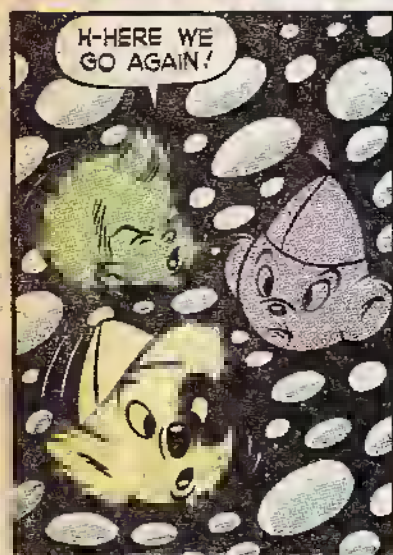
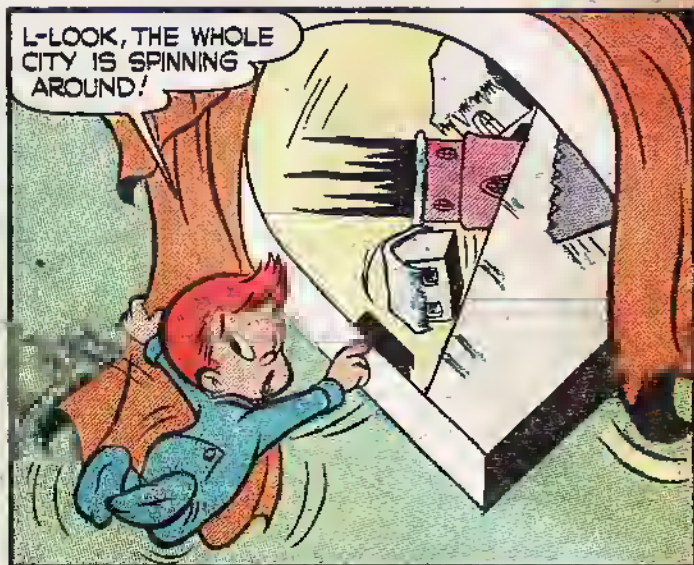
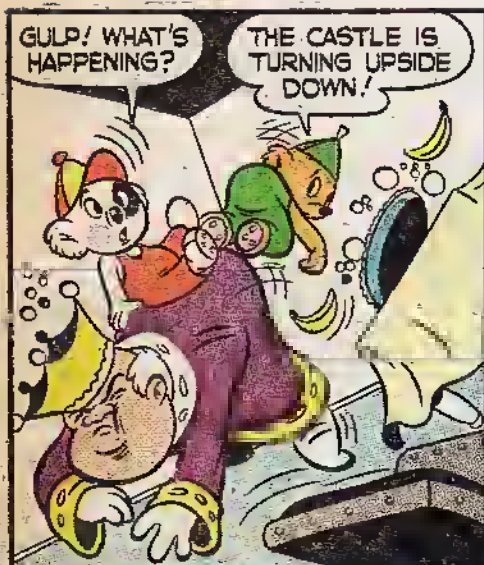












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